

"Parole (Evil Genius Mix)"

[Intro: Immortal Technique (parole officer)]

(980505A) Yeah nigga what

(You made parole) What?

(Pack your stuff) The fuck?

(And get the fuck out of here) A-haha

Aiyyo man, it's about motherfuckin time man

Aiyyo G, aiyyo G son, I got my papers man

I'm out this motherfucker!

[Immortal Technique]

Yeah, I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again

Never selling heroin, never selling crack again

Don't work for the government coke packagin

Don't fire indiscriminate, with the mac again

My people are stuck behind glass like a mannequin

They pretend to give a fuck, just like the Vatican

Second chance, faith based, two-faced Samaritans

Every time we come back, they... [record rewinds]

I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again

Never selling heroin, never selling crack again

I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again

I'm out of, I'm out of (I'm out this motherfucker!)

Yeah, I'm out of jail, and I'm never going back again

Never selling heroin, never selling crack again

Don't work for the government coke packagin

Don't fire indiscriminate, with the mac again

My people are stuck behind glass like a mannequin

They pretend to give a fuck, just like the Vatican

Second chance, faith based, two-faced Samaritans

Every time we come back, they keep on cashin in

Prison labor, third-world sweatshop comparisons

'til we kidnap the whole fuckin garrison

Yeah, poverty, makes people do, reckless things

But corporations do worse to protect they bling

Prisons are more, overcrowded than the rap game

They say you more likely to go to jail with a black name

Freakonomics that I speak through ebonics

and fuck Phonics, little niggaz is (Hooked On) chronic

But if you on stage with the DEA, as your hype man

Don't get yourself locked up, and blame the white man

We transformed gangs and criminal enterprises

Usin O.G.'s as advisors

Before they, send us to war, after they divide us

But I won't let 'em use us like Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders

My movement's like a jujitsu kata

I graduated outta prison, so FUCK my alma mater nigga

[Interlude: Immortal Technique (woman)]

(Hello?) Yeah yeah, what's up yo?
(Hey, how you doin?) Yo, you know what?
I just got my papers (you're fuckin lying!)
Yo I'm comin home to you, I'll see you in like a day and a half
([screams] Oh my God, I'm so happy! Are you serious?)
([screams] I'm so happy! Are you fuckin serious?)
Yeah, I'm dead serious baby, I'm comin home (oh my God!)
Put the little blue thing on for me, aight?
(You got that baby, yeah!)

[Immortal Technique]

I'm on parole, and I'll never be alone again
Fuck this place baby, I'm comin home again
Shorty wrapped around me so I'll, never be cold again
Never have to knock a nigga out, for the phone again
Prison ain't the place that you find your rite of passage in
It's slavery, with nasty food in your abdomen
Middle passage, bottom of the ship, how they pack 'em in
Perpetrators on some fake shit, sweeter than saccharin
Jailhouse snitches without corroborating evidence
Niggaz sellin niggaz out for true to be, Benjamins
But now I'm free, hit the block, eatin Entenmann's
Benihana in and out, flow to eat to enter in
Newspaper pencillin, tryin to pay the rent again
Ex-con job interview, nobody answerin
Feelin violent from the frustation I got pent up in
But not tryin to go back to the place, I was sent up in
Turn my own life around, fuck the establishment
Listenin to hip-hop like "Where the fuck the talent went?"
How the fuck did you replace, lyrics with your swaggerin?
I'ma fix that, rhymin on with the mag-a-num
I roll up in a caravan, full of North Africans
My squad got, more soldier niggaz than the Saracens
Cause just watch (watch!) when the terrorists attack again
Their reaction's gonna be draft 'em and send us back again

[scratches]

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